

Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,  
Make you to rauell all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madnesse,  
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,  
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,  
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,  
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do so,  
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,  
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:  
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape  
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe  
And breake your owne necke downe.

*Qu.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath  
What thou hast saide to me.

*Ham.* I must to England, you know that?

*Qu.* Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* This man shall let me packing:  
He lugges the Guts into the Neighbor roome,  
Mother goodnight. Indeepe this Counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,  
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.  
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.  
Good night Mother.

*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*

*Enter King.*

*King.* There's matters in these sighes.  
These profound heaues  
You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.  
Where is your Sonne?

*Qu.* Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

*King.* What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

*Qu.* Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend  
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit  
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,  
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,  
And in his brainish apprehension kills  
The vnseene good old man.

*King.* On heauy deed:  
It had bin so with vs had we bene there:

His Liberty is full of threats to all,  
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deepe be answered?  
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence  
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,  
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,  
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,  
But like the Owner of a foule disease,  
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede  
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Qu.* To draw apart the body he hath kild,  
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare  
Among a Minnall of Mettels base  
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

*King.* Oh Gertrude, come away:

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,  
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,  
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill  
Both countenance, and excuse.

*Enter Ros. & Guild.*

*Ho Guildenstern:*

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:

Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,

And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come Gertrude, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,  
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,  
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.

*Gentlemen within.* Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

*Ham.* What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

*Oh heere they come. Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.*

*Ros.* What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

*Rosin.* Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,  
And beare it to the Chappell.

*Ham.* Do not beleuee it.

*Rosin.* Beleuee what?

*Ham.* That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine

owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what re-

plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

*Rosin.* Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his

Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King

best seruice in the end. He keepe them like an Ape in

the corner of his iaw, first mow'd to be last swallowed,

when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squeez-

ing you, and Spunge you shall be dry againe.

*Rosin.* I vnderstand you not my Lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a

foolish eare.

*Rosin.* My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,

and go with vs to the King.

*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not

with the body. The King is a thing —

*Guild.* A thing my Lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all

after. *Exit Rosin.*

*Enter King.*

*King.* I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:

Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:

Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:

And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd

But neuer the offence: to heare all smooth, and euen,

This todaine sending him away, must seeme

Deliberate pause, discastes desperate growne,

By desperate appliance are releued,

Or not at all. *Enter Rosin.*

*How now? What hath befallne?*

*Rosin.* Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,

We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Rosin.* Without my Lord, guarded to know your

pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before vs.

*Rosin.* Ho, Guildenstern? Bring in my Lord.

*Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.*

*King.* Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At Supper.

*King.* At Supper? Where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-

taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm

is your onely Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures else

to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magors. Your fat King,

and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,

but to one Table that's the end.

*King.* What dost thou meane by this?

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Nothing but to shew you how a King may go  
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-

ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your

selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you

shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

*King.* Go seeke him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till ye come.

*K. Hamlet,* this deed of thine, for thine especial safety

Which we do tender, as we deereely greuee

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence

With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,

The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,

Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bent

For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* I Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for

England. Farewell deere Mother.

*King.* Thy louing Father Hamlet.

*Hamlet.* My Mother: Father and Mother is man and

wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,

for England. *Exit*

*King.* Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done

That else leans on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.

And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,

As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe

Payes homage to vs; thou mai'st not coldly set

Our Soueraigne Proceesse, which imports at full

By Letters coniuiring to that effect

The present death of Hamlet. Do it England,

For like the Heddicke in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,

How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*

*For.* Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,

Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras

Claiemes the conueyance of a promis'd March

ouer his Kingdom. You know the Renduous:

If that his Maiesty would ougth with vs,

We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,

And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will doe't, my Lord.

*For.* Go safely on. *Exit.*

*Enter Queene and Horatio.*

*Qu.* I will not speake with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode

will needs be pittied.

*Qu.* What would she haue?

*Hor.* She speaks much of her Father; saies she heares

There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,

Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speaks things in doubt,

That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,

Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,

And borch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,

Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeepe would make one

Though nothing sure, y

*Qu.* 'Twere good sh

For she may strew dange

In ill breeding minds. I

To my sicke soule (as sin

Each toy seemes Prologu

So full of Artlesse iea

It spill's it selfe, in fearin

*Enter Ophe.*

*Ophe.* Where is the b

*Qu.* How now Ophe

*Ophe.* How should I y

By his Cockle hat and staff

*Qu.* Alas sweet Lad

*Ophe.* Say you? Nay

He is dead and gone Lady,

At his head a grasse-green

*Qu.* Nay but Ophelia

*Ophe.* Pray you mark

White his Shrow'd

*Qu.* Alas, looke heere

*Ophe.* Larded with sw

Which bewept to the

With true-lane sho

*King.* How do ye, pre

*Ophe.* Well, God dil

a Bakers daughter. Lor

know not what we may

*King.* Conceit vpon

*Ophe.* Pray you let's

they aske you what it m

To morrow is S. Valentine

And I a Maid at your W

Then up her selfe, & don'd h

Let in the Mand, that out

*King.* Pretty Ophelia

*Ophe.* Indeepe la? with

By his, and by S. C

Alacke, and sie for

Yong men wil doe't

By Cocke they are

Quoth she before y

You promis'd me to

So would I ha done

And thou hadst no

*King.* How long hat

*Ophe.* I hope all will

but I cannot choos'e but

lay him i'th' cold ground

and so I thank you for y

Coach: Goodnight Lad

Goodnight, goodnight.

*King.* Follow her c

Giue her good watch I

Oh this is the payson of

All from her Fathers dea

When sorrowes comes,

But in Battaliaes. Fir

Next your Sonne gone,

Of his owne iust remoue

Thicke and vnwhol'som

For good Polonius deat

In huggier muggier to in

Diuided from her selfe,